



many edges - front edge, longwood edge

[illegible]



It is possible to answer these questions too. The foundations are built of brick, but they are not bricks of English make. <sup>Small white square</sup> tiles are there too, which have paved the floors. <sup>on these</sup> some of them is an inscription. <sup>It is true</sup> I have <sup>seen</sup> them. <sup>you will have no doubt</sup> I have seen them & the remains of an inscription is proved almost to a certainty that ~~the stone~~ <sup>the stone</sup> is what the Haedderfields folk call the 'old' or 'old' fields stone the Roman city of Eborac, mention of which is made <sup>in the</sup> ~~in the~~ <sup>ancient</sup> books of the Romans.

At least amongst the clothing town is Dewsbury in the pretty valley of the Calder, where there are blankets, ~~mills~~ <sup>carpet</sup> ~~carpet~~ <sup>velvet</sup> ~~velvet~~ <sup>factories</sup>, & shoddy-mills. Here are very large Co-operative Buildings, where the work people of the town <sup>have</sup> not only ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> stores for all kinds of food, clothing, &c. but have reading rooms & a music hall. Within ~~from~~ <sup>two or three miles</sup> of Dewsbury is Batley, where are the ~~most~~ <sup>largest</sup> shoddy mills. Here, bits of old worn cloth & all sorts of torn up, & wool is cleaned, goes through as many processes as if it had just come off the sheep's back, is mixed with new wool, & <sup>at last</sup> finally made into various shoppes & clothes which are ~~hardly~~ <sup>hardly</sup> ~~to be~~ <sup>to be</sup> ~~seen~~ <sup>seen</sup> ~~any more~~ <sup>any more</sup> ~~as new~~ <sup>as new</sup>.

The Battle of Wakefield.  
Wakefield, though once a ~~prosperous~~ <sup>very</sup> clothing town, has long since dropped behind in the race with Leeds & Bradford. <sup>it</sup> ~~Wakefield~~ is a pleasant <sup>market</sup> ~~market~~ town where farmers bring their produce, for sale, & ~~along~~ <sup>along</sup> corn, wool, & cattle for sale, & along the banks of the Calder are numerous stores, not wool warehouses, but magazines for the corn which is to feed the hungry mouths of the West Riding. Not its mills or its Rice Hall but its Corn Exchange is the principal building of Wakefield, & the ~~most~~ <sup>most</sup> ~~well~~ <sup>well</sup> known ~~Wakefield~~ <sup>Wakefield</sup> ~~Exchange~~ <sup>Exchange</sup>.

London, that of Wakefield is the largest in England. In the Yorkshire farmers' pattern, ~~on market-days~~ much business is done, among townsfolk, as <sup>cracked</sup> ~~made~~ at "merry Wakefield," on market-days. There is a bridge over the Calder, & on the bridge is a little chapel, raised by King Edward IV of England that prayers might be ~~made~~ <sup>said</sup> for his father's poor soul, because, as a spot close by the bridge on the right-hand of the Calder the Duke of York was slain in the famous battle of Wakefield, (1460). This was how it happened:-

In the year 1455 was fought the first battle in the famous Wars of the Roses. A sad time for England followed. For sixteen years war raged up & down the land, & though the people in the towns went on with their business, all the great barons & their retainers fought either for the House of York or for that of Lancaster. The king <sup>Henry VI</sup> belonged to the House of Lancaster. He could not see any reason why he should not be king as long as he lived, & leave the crown to his son. He said, "My father was king; his father also was king; I myself have worn the crown for forty years from my cradle. (his father, Henry V, had died when he was a baby. You have all sworn fealty to me as your sovereign; now, then, can my right be disputed?" The king was right enough; there was no good reason why he should not be king. But he was often ill & unable to govern the land himself. So things went wrong, & the king was blamed. When Richard, Duke of York, declared that he had <sup>a better</sup> ~~the best~~ right to be king of England, he found many ready to support him.

His



his claim was, that he & the King were both descended from Edward III, & that he was more nearly related to this King than was Henry.

We cannot follow all the events of this fightful period. In 1460, two pitched battles were fought. But, in <sup>the year</sup> 1460, it seemed ~~as if~~ <sup>as if</sup> the matter were in a pathway to be settled. The King was in the hands of the Duke of York, who proposed that he should reign for the rest of his life, but that ~~the Duke should succeed him~~, when he died. The crown should pass with the House of York. But Henry's wife, the Queen Margaret, was more ambitious, & less gentle in spirit than her husband; moreover, her ~~mother's~~ heart. She could not allow that her son, Edward, Prince of Wales, should be deprived of his rights.

The House of Lancaster had many friends in the north, so, making York the rallying place, the Queen raised <sup>northern</sup> an army of ~~18,000~~ 18,000 men, while many powerful noble families (her husband) to Lord Clifford, Streville, the Earl of Northumberland, Earl of Wiltshire, ~~the Duke of~~ the Duke of Exeter ~~joined~~ joined. She better trained his army. She proclaimed that the men who joined her should have leave to plunder the country south of the Trent.

The Duke of York set out from London to meet her, with an army of four or five thousand men. About two miles from Wakefield he still ~~was~~ <sup>could</sup> see the ~~remains~~ <sup>site</sup> of ~~Sandal Castle~~ Sandal Castle, <sup>at that time</sup> a fortress belonging to Richard. Here he took up his quarters to wait for the arrival of his son Edward, Earl of March, with another army from Wales. The Queen advanced with her troops, but failed.





battle:—but ~~how~~ while the fight was raging, the young  
 Earl of Rutland, the <sup>second</sup> son of Richard of York, a  
 fair gentleman & a maiden like person, was  
 gently & secretly led away from the field by his  
 schoolmaster. But the two were espied by the  
 Lord Clifford, who, in a fierce voice, asked the  
 boy who or what he was. The young gentleman,  
 dismayed, had not a word to speak, but knelt on  
 his knees, imploring mercy, both with holding  
 up his hands & making dolorous countenance.  
 In his speech was gone for fear. 'Save him',  
 said his schoolmaster, 'for he is a princely son  
 & may do you good hereafter.' With that word  
 the Lord Clifford marked him, & said, 'Thy  
 father shall mine, & so will I do thee all my  
 kin.' Wherein he raised his dagger & slew  
 the boy. <sup>Three months after, this cannot</sup>  
 Clifford was slain, <sup>by the dagger of the traitor</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~field~~ <sup>field</sup>, struck  
 in the breast by a headless arrow. There is  
 some reason to doubt this story of the death of  
 the Earl of Rutland. Shakespeare in his play

The best of multitudes. Shakespeare in his play  
 of Henry VI. makes the song of the Death <sup>poet</sup> more  
 valorous than this lad of sixteen or seventeen  
 appears to have shown. — His story <sup>however</sup> is hardly  
 mentioned from youth of legends. He was there was  
 more of him in the <sup>middle</sup> of the 15th. than the <sup>17th</sup> century.  
 less than twenty miles from Wakefield, in the  
 village of Howden, & near the village is a meadow.  
 where the ground is rich & rank. There is a Ricket  
 field roses, red & white, growing together in  
 loving clusters. — This meadow was the scene of  
 one of the most bloody battles ever fought on  
 English ground. fought on the 29<sup>th</sup> of March, 1461  
 between the first House of Lancaster & the White Rose of  
 York. & having it was said some 30,000 killed  
 men & women. Again the bloody men  
 of the north & the south from mountain &

more under the banners of the Red Rose, i.e.  
 the number it is said of Derby-Mountbatt. Their  
 leaders were the earls of Northumberland & Westmore-  
 land & other great nobles of the north & south.  
 Henry & Queen Margaret remained  
 six weeks at York some eight miles off.  
 Under the White Rose of York an almost  
 equal army was gathered, & they too had the  
 eldest son of the fallen Duke of York, had  
 been truly crowned King of England at Millers-  
 more. Moreover they had the earl of Warwick, one of the  
 the heroes of England who could raise an army  
 from his own vassals; the King-maker, he was  
 called, because men said he could make & un-  
 make a king in England.

At four o'clock on the Saturday afternoon it is  
 said the two armies met. They fought blindly  
 through the night, & on into the quiet of Palm  
 Sunday. The snow falling thick all the time  
 laying a white sheet over the plain. No  
 quarter, no prisoners, was the order on  
 both sides. At first they fought with arrows,  
 then the archers threw aside their bows,  
 drew their swords & a terrible hand to hand  
 conflict began. At last the Lancastrians  
 began to give way, retreating in order until  
 they reached the little River Cock which winds  
 round the "Bloody Meadow", which was at  
 this time swollen by the winter rains. They  
 descended to the river by a very steep bank  
 the men from behind fell headlong upon them  
 in front as many perished in the water that  
 the red cross was the dead bodies of their  
 comrades. Edward returned to London under great  
 triumph. While the queen & Henry fled into Scotland  
 and then a great battle was fought & the king was slain.

This is the story of the Wars of the Roses as told by the chroniclers. It is a very interesting story, but it is not a very accurate one. The chroniclers were often biased, and they often wrote what they wanted to hear.

Study a little more of the history of England in the 15th century.



Tales of Pontefract Castle.  
Memories of Pontefract

8p49cm234

"O Rompet, Rompet! Other bloody priors.  
Fatal & ominous to noble peers!" Rich. III.

Before we leave the Aire Valley we must see the town of Pontefract: not that it is a place of very great importance now, but because the name occurs over & over again in our history books, & this is surely a town in England to which more interesting memories belong.

Pontefract is a clean, pleasant-looking town & on Saturdays a great market is held for corn & cattle. A rather curious crop is raised in the neighbourhood: long ridges of very pretty plant with feathery leaves fill up the fields: for years years this plant is allowed to grow, then it is pulled up by the roots, long roots, reaching ten or twelve feet into the soil. The roots are powdered, & the juice pressed from them is made into dark lozenges stamped with Pontefract Gate - the Pontefract Liqueur lozenges. The most Yorkshire children know.

And it owes to its Castle that Pontefract owed its Ancient Fairs, a cattle fair for 500 years was the glory & the terror of North Yorkshire. When the Conqueror led his army into Yorkshire, he granted the Count of this district - ~~stretching far & wide~~ to one Robert de Lacy, who, finding a high rock which commanded the Airedale, raised upon it a renowned stronghold, from which he was able to keep much of the country under his eye in subjection. An immense castle it was, surrounded by a high wall flanked by seven towers, & without was a broad, to be crossed by a drawbridge.

And there were dungeons in the deep, frightful dungeons. One of them was reached only through a ~~hole in the long trap~~ door on the floor of the ~~lower~~ <sup>lower</sup> ~~chamber~~ <sup>chamber</sup> which it ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> that a prisoner let down into its pitiful darkness would have

Small ship being hauled up into the light of  
 day again  
 Whenever rebellion or civil war broke out in the  
 northern counties both sides struggled for the  
 possession of this great stronghold, & that is why  
 the name of Pontefract appears so often in  
 books of English history.

### Saint-Thomas of Lancaster.

Thomas of Lancaster was a mighty baron. The  
 grandson of a king, (Henry III), the lord of five  
 earldoms; he dwelt at his castle of Pontefract  
 with the state of a prince, surrounded by  
 a great host of retainers, all of whom were clothed  
 by his tailors & ate of his meat.  
 He was the people's friend; and only in  
 Yorkshire, but all over England, men looked  
 to him to deliver them from the burden of heavy  
 unjust taxation. For the king, Edward II., gave  
 his heart & his time to worthless favourites, & threw  
 his unhappy people that he might have money to  
 spend upon idle pleasures. One of these favourites  
 was Pierre Gaveston, a glib-tongued foreigner  
 who thought little of insulting England's greatest  
 nobles. The exasperated barons, angry & foreign  
 favourites even did they know how to shake them.  
 So, rose at length under Thomas of Lancaster,  
 followed Gaveston to Scarborough Castle where he had  
 taken refuge, with the castle, secured their prisoners,  
 carried him to Blacklow Hill near Warwick,  
 where he was beheaded by order of Lancaster. The king  
 dissembled in rage after a while, for could he restore  
 his favourites to life & ~~without~~ peace was patched up,  
 the victorious barons suing for the royal pardon & ~~the~~  
 But, before long, the king again provoked & exasperated  
 this barons & the numerous other people by setting of more  
 favourites, & so he spent his time, father & son, but had  
 been in the first place, dependents of Thomas of Lancaster. Again  
 the barons rose under him.